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THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

## MARRIAGE;

OR,

### THE BACHELOR IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

CHAPTER XVII.—HOME AT THE ELMS.

"O happy lot and hallowed, even as the joy of angels,  
Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with the  
roses of love."

TUPPER.

OUR closing chapter ought appropriately to open with a rustling of orange blossom, and a ringing of wedding bells, while along our pages should glide a joyous train of bridesmaids and attendant friends, with Edith Arundel at its head, womanly amidst her blushes, and our old friend Allan bringing up

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the rear, and rejoicing at the hopes of years being fulfilled. But all this we must leave to our readers' imagination, assuring them that if they draw a happy picture, the reality was fully equal to it. We are hastening to a close, and we must therefore peep in at the Elms, and see how far Allan realised in Edith his somewhat fastidious standard of excellence, or whether he did not find, to use an old proverb, that he had chosen the crooked stick at last.

Our readers must, accordingly, suppose some five years to have elapsed since the Swiss scene detailed in our preceding chapter, and carry themselves once again to the Elms at Highgate, no longer a bachelor home, but cheered with the radiance of domestic affection, and resonant with the light and merry laugh of childhood.

It was evening. In a comfortable apartment Edith was seated, her appearance but little changed, though her face wore a more matronly and perhaps thoughtful air. Claude, a bright-haired boy, by her side, had been allowed to-night to sit up and await papa's return from the city, while another infant, Margaret by name, had just been despatched to bed. November winds were out, doing their accustomed work among the garden trees, whirling leaves against the window panes, and causing the old cedar to bow and bend beneath their power.

The child was startled, and nestled closer by his mother, who gently reassured him; and, just as he began to wonder that papa was not come home, Allan's well-known step was heard, and with a glad bound he rushed into the hall to meet him.

Allan, on this occasion, was not alone; visitors were with him, in the shape of our old acquaintances, Mrs. Grant of Norwich and her daughters. Each autumn, indeed, generally found them guests at the Elms. A somewhat awful affair to the mistress of the establishment this visit used to be; for although possessed of abundance of independence of character, to Edith it certainly was not pleasant, to say the least of it, to have all her domestic arrangements criticized, her very dress commented upon, and her whole house, so to speak, undergoing, like an asylum or an hospital, a kind of government inspection.

Years had not improved the young ladies. One was as dogmatical, another as discontented as ever; and with increasing age these qualities became yet more distasteful and unbecoming. Girls may have their eccentricities, which take for a time with a certain class of men; but when the bloom of early maidenhood is past away, the charm is dissolved, and that which pleased at first becomes offensive and absurd.

Edith gave her guests an affectionate welcome. She was not a company lover, but she liked a cheerful, rational evening with a few friends; so that, although there were no carpets taken up for grand dances, nor rooms set apart for *écarté* and *piquet*, there were many refined intelligent re-unions amongst the choicest circles in the neighbourhood; and now and then the Grants, almost forgetting themselves in the society they enjoyed, ceased to desire to shine, and were content to listen.

Jealous as Mrs. Grant had always been of Edith, inasmuch as she had marred some of her most pleasant schemes for her daughters, she could not avoid her tribute of praise to the excellent manage-

ment of all things at the Elms. Well-trained servants, whose joy it seemed to wait on the guests and to render willing service; obedient happy children, who knew no rule but love, and that rule omnipotent. Would such a state of things have existed if either of her more brilliant daughters had been mistress of the establishment? and, with all her motherly partiality, she was constrained to answer, "No."

The subject of servants was, as we have seen, deeply interesting to Mrs. Grant; indeed, hiring and character-hunting might be said to occupy a very important portion of her home life. It was rather tiresome to Edith to be perpetually asked if she knew of a nice housemaid or a thorough cook, and a little perplexing to have to decline recommending a girl she really wished to serve, to such a place as that at Norwich.

"I wonder how it is, Edith," said her aunt one morning, "that your servants always seem to suit you. I wish you would find me such a one as that little Martha who waits on you."

"Martha! My dear aunt, Martha would never suit you. She is very far from a model servant, and is only just beginning to repay my teaching. If I give her three things to do, it is almost a certainty she will forget one."

"How tiresome that is!" said Miss Grant; "I think I should lose all patience."

"But that would make her worse, besides its being bad for me. I had a great deal to learn in my first few months of married life. The fact is, I expected too much from them. When two of Margaret's old faithful servants left me to be married, soon after I came here, I thought I never could have replaced them, and I felt discontented with very small things in the new ones. I expected them to have all the interest in me and my concerns that our old one at Ely had, forgetting that love and faithfulness have first to be won by us, by kindness, patience, and consideration."

"Still, I think servants are far too much indulged in the present day, Edith. What fancies they have about food! And yet, when we remember the coarse fare they have had at home, I do not think it right to pamper them, and indulge their daintiness and extravagance. However, I could not afford, either in parlour or kitchen, to keep such a table as you do. With your ample means you can have no idea of my difficulties of house-keeping."

"I have not always had ample means, aunt Grant. Even before papa died, I assure you, Care and I often had to calculate very closely as to our ways and means; but she was always content with the plainest fare, and I sometimes feared she did not take sufficient even of that. Then, when before my dear father's death she married, and I took a young girl from Cromer, I began to fear for my purse; and certainly coals did last a very little time, and butter seemed to melt away marvellously. She was not dishonest, but thoughtless and extravagant, and would think rather of what she liked to eat, than of what I could afford to give her. So I told her, as kindly as I could, that I was not rich enough for waste, and asked her to help me in my efforts to make our small income go as far as possible, begging her to think that, as a member of our little household, she should have no separate inter-

ests, but be a faithful servant, that she might be valued as a true friend. At once she became interested, and from that time her pleasure seemed to be in making things last as long as possible."

"I fancy a lock and key, Edith, would have answered the same end," said Mrs. Grant, sharply. "Perhaps so, so far as the food was concerned; but then, at the same time, love might be locked out of the heart. We all like to be trusted."

"Yes, but trust rarely answers with servants; their early education and habits seem to place them in such a different class."

"They are still fellow creatures, however," said Allan, looking up from his paper at the breakfast table, for he had been silently amused with their domestic conversation. "Well, Edith," he added, "I must give you credit for a capital mode of managing your maids. This is the first time I have ever heard the subject mentioned since we married. I call that the perfection of good house-keeping, for I think, if anything would make me angry with my wife, it would be the perpetual discussion of the servant question."

He looked fondly on Edith as he spoke; and as he left her to go to his day's business in the great city, he could not help pondering on Solomon's description of the "excellent woman," and thanked God that he had found one who looked well to the ways of her household, and whose children should arise up and call her blessed.

The month's visit passed away, and the Miss Grants were obliged to return to their Norwich home without any advance in their matrimonial prospects. It was a pity, but there seemed no help for it; and we must therefore leave them to their busy lives—to their Greek Testament, Goethe's "Faust," mathematics, essays, guitar, and dancing, premising that we would scarcely recommend either of the maidens to a modern Cælebs in search of a wife. Accomplishments, nay, even learning and science, are not necessarily at variance with female excellence, but they require to be wisely displayed. When last we heard of their brother, and the young wife whom he had picked up at a pic-nic, matters, we were glad to find, had somewhat improved with him, though both were still grievously pinched and harassed by debt, and the other annoyances that seldom fail to haunt an improvident union.

Another spring, and hitherto no cloud had darkened Edith Grant's wedded life. It seemed as though the peace and love of her happy home were peculiarly God-sent blessings, to refresh and strengthen her after the toil and burden of her early days.

There was joy in her nursery duties, and she could testify that

"A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a link between angels and men;

Yet is it a talent of trust, a loan to be rendered back with interest."

Her loved resort was the nursery. Her little children were much with her; but she was not so absorbed with home duties as to be indifferent to the courtesies of life. Neither did she, as many excellent managers we know are too apt to do, sink down at once to the level of a merely good housewife. "If I am to train my children intel-

ligently," she once remarked to a neighbouring mother of this description, who declared she had no time for books, and that her husband found fault with her because she had laid aside her music; "if I am to be an intelligent guide for them, I must not let my mind lie waste, nor neglect everything which I have learned. Besides, I am not only a mother, but a *wife*; and the wife should be the companion, not the housekeeper alone, of a sensible and well-informed man."

It must not be supposed that, although the home at the Elms was a happy one, that either husband or wife were altogether free from human imperfections. Few there are but have some peculiarity of temper or disposition, needing to be studied if they would live in peace.

"The wisest and the happiest pair  
Will find that, every day they live,  
They have occasion to forbear,  
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

But, mutual acquaintance with each other's disposition and tastes increasing, the happiness of every succeeding year of married life was greater, and the union more complete. And now the time was at hand when, leaving the sunny meadows of prosperity, they must enter the valley of sorrow; but as "the day of their hope and joy had been blessed by many prayers," so now, in those of their adversity, God had them in remembrance.

A beautiful joyous child was little Claude, the eldest. Born with early flowers, he seemed to partake largely of the glad spirit of the season. Illness had never yet touched his rosy cheek with its pallid hand; suffering had never clouded his soul nor rendered his temper unequal. The mother, in her heart's gladness, might well call Claude her "summer" child. His birthday was at hand, and Allan and Edith were about to set forth on an expedition to London for some love gifts for him. He was at his mother's side at breakfast, merrily guessing what the present would be, and wondering if he should be awake when they came home at night. When breakfast was over, according to his morning custom, he said a little verse at his mother's knee. It was one that nurse had chosen, he told her—"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth." Simply, as was her wont, the fond and doting mother told him the meaning of the words, and, pointing to some roses he had brought from the garden, gave him the lesson, hard for childhood to learn, that as the rose would die, so must even the little child's body; but that, as the root would not die, so the soul would live for ever. He sighed, and said it seemed sad to die. "Oh no," was her bright reply, "it is not sad, if we love God, to go to heaven, where *nothing* dies." He caught the spirit of her lesson at once, and said, "It must be better, then, to die, mamma." At this moment the summons of Allan reminded her that it was time to prepare, and, kissing the boy fondly, she bade him adieu. She often afterwards recalled the unaccountable impulse which made her, even after this farewell, return to the room, where the child was still sitting thoughtfully on his low stool, the rose-buds in his hand, and where, pressing him to her bosom, she fervently blessed him and departed.

It was late in the evening before they returned. The friends with whom they had passed the day

had pressed them to remain to dinner, and it is not easy to leave a dinner-table. Ten was sounding from many clocks when they opened the gate of their home; and to the first inquiry, at which Allan had often smiled, "*Is all well?*" the servant's answer was hurried, and the sight of the family medical man, a moment after, told the tale. "It was the croup," he said. "Claude had been in the garden that afternoon since the rain, but it might pass off." The mother's heart sank. In a moment she was in the nursery, where the faithful nurse, with streaming eyes, was holding the little boy. He was patiently bearing a painful application, when his mother entered, and, stretching out his arms to her he said, "Am I going to be like the rose-buds, mamma?" She took him on her lap, and both father and mother sate watching through the night; he whispering words of strength, and comfort, and hope, so long as he dared; but at morning dawn all hope had fled.

The first-born was about to be carried to the arms of the Good Shepherd, and, joining his little hands, as his mother had taught him, he lay awaiting the entrance of the angel who was to bear him thither. His last whisper was, "Better to be in heaven, mamma." It was better, doubtless; but it needs strong faith when the reaper bears our flowers to paradise. In that hour of anguish, when the little dead child was taken from its mother's arms, how did she rejoice in the consolation and support of a loving husband! What worldly union would have been sufficient then? His sorrows were hers, and hers were his; no separation of heart, no coldness, no reproach nor hint that she mourned too much. "It seems I have never truly known your love till now, my husband," she said, as he sate by her side, holding her hand so tenderly, his manly heart striving against paternal grief, and overflowing with sympathy and affection. Edith's emotions were deep rather than violent, and some dark and bitter hours were her portion, as she put aside the boyish toys, now useless, the little straw hat he always wore, and at the evening hour heard her little daughter Margaret pray, leaving out her young brother's name. But there was nothing morbid in her grief. She did not feed it and dwell upon it; and when her husband's voice met her ear, on his return after the day's labour, she said with genuine sincerity, "Thou art more to me, my husband, than ten sons."

A few weeks after Claude's death, Edith's sweet solemn face might be seen on the sandy beach at Cromer, sometimes accompanied by her remaining child, at others by her husband, who passed as much time as business would permit amidst the favourite scenes of their early affection. The sea, always dear to Edith, now seemed particularly so. It was like an old friend's voice, and whispered to her soul, that when she passed through the waters God would be with her.

"How changed I feel since I was last here!" she remarked to her sister Margaret, during one of her husband's absences.

Margaret was still the same quiet, somewhat impassible, though kind and useful person, as when first we made her acquaintance at the gate of the Elms at Highgate. She was always obliging and cheerful; for, much as she had felt her early disap-

pointment, she was not one of those weak-minded personages who imagine that there is no happiness except in married life, and who forget that some of the most useful, talented, and agreeable of the female sex have remained in the ranks of spinsterhood. She had left Dr. Ellison and Marion, of whom she brought cheering accounts, to come and be with her sorrowing sister; and as they sate on the shingles one evening, watching the retreating tide, they began to recall the old friends who had been there during their last visit.

"What has become of the Johnstons, Edith? I never hear from them now. That poor married one in Derbyshire—is her husband still there?"

"No. Did you not hear his wife persuaded him that she should not live long if he remained in that dull village? and so he left his favourite work and people, and went to reside at L—. There they had plenty of society, as you may suppose, and he had a large church and congregation; but, not being of one heart, they were continually pulling two different ways. She chose her friends out of the gay and worldly, and filled his house with the same flippant sort of acquaintances as she had been used to at Ely. It is a sad story. So good a man, yet so entirely thrown away. L— never suited his health; and it appears he took cold in the winter, whilst preaching in a damp church, and is now in a hopeless consumption. They have two children, and a friend of mine who visits him says that his constant burden is, that they will be so little taught in those things in which he delights."

"What a thought for a dying father, that the mother will bring them up to the world! Then what became of the numerous tribe of girls?"

"One is married pretty well, as it is called, and the others are single. Mr. Johnston and his rich wife go on much the same, I believe; but he has got into very bad habits, drinks and gambles, and is seldom at home. So much for marrying for money! And poor Mrs. Meadows! how often I think of her when I look at the jetty! Do you know, Margaret, I so pity Miss Katharine since her death, that I have some thoughts of asking Allan to let her come and live with us."

"It would be a grand act of self-denial, Edith; but I don't think, with a family of children, I should consider it my duty to bring a perpetual cloud into the house. I have some thoughts one day myself of taking a cottage somewhere near you. I should not then, by doing so, be quite leaving Allan; and Katharine and I could then live together. She is very doleful, poor thing, in that house in the Close, and perhaps she may improve at Highgate."

It was growing late, and the sisters had chatted on, forgetting the hour, when they were attracted by a figure at no great distance, gazing steadfastly on the sea, and so immovable that it might have passed for a statue. The light was fading; but from the fluttering of a veil, and the movement of her dress, it was evidently a female.

"How still she stands," said Edith; "I am almost curious to pass her, and see if we shall rouse her from her reverie."

So saying, they arose from their shingly seat, and, walking in the direction of the quiet form, arrived close to her before she gave any signs of

consciousness. When she did so, she started and was suddenly turning away, when Margaret, by a gleam from the horizon, recognised the face at once, and said, "Mrs. Ruthven!" There was less of pleasure than of surprise in the tone with which the lady replied, "Miss Grant, I suppose?" but Margaret was not to be daunted. She had always cherished an interest in the romantic maiden, with whom her brother Allan was so nearly *épris*. Subsequent opportunities of observing her, during occasional visits to the Grants and Mrs. Meadows, had tended to increase that interest; and although for the last two years, in consequence of their removal from Norwich, they had lost sight of the Ruthvens, she had often wondered what had become of Annie, and recalled with sympathy her mournful face as she had last seen it.

It had been a most unhappy marriage—ill assorted in years, and a union without affection. Annie's early romance had subsided into a kind of morbid melancholy, and the professor, married to his books when the first novelty of her pretty face was over, left her very much to herself, to dream, and to meditate, and to struggle through the world as she could. He was not an unkind man: he would not wilfully have ill-treated her; but he was a neglectful, selfish husband, and, shut up with his papers and in his musty study, he forgot the many hours of loneliness which his girlish wife passed, and the probability that her life might be anything but a happy one. So long as she could rove about as a child, and dream over Chaucer and Spenser, or walk solitary in the cathedral aisles, this mattered less; but the house needed keeping, servants robbed them, and matters all went wrong at home. In time infant claims arose. Annie loved her child, but was as ignorant of its management as a child herself, and it fell a victim less to neglect than to over-care and doctoring, and the young mother was left more desolate than ever in her lonely nursery.

Her grief, instead of leading her to the true consolation, seemed rather to drive her more despondently to her old sources of enjoyment, and she fed her sorrow with plaintive ballads and sickly romances, solitary musings and bitter tears, until many persons who observed her believed her to be scarcely sane.

The professor was at the present time in Germany, she said, examining the spas, on which he was preparing a work. She had not been well, and had come from Cambridge, their present residence, to seek change of air at Cromer. Was she alone? Edith asked so kindly that Annie's manner altered in a moment.

"I have a servant with me. Papa is gone with my husband and lent me poor old Martha, but she is very old and not very companionable;" and she sighed. Her old artless manner had returned, and, looking ingenuously at the sisters, she said, "May I walk with you now and then?"

The assent was cordially given. Edith and Margaret returned to the lodgings to look at the little child in her soft bed, whilst Annie Ruthven in her solitary chamber sate gazing into the evening sky, as though there were comfort for her there. Comfort is not far from thee, poor lonely wife, and Edith it is who shall be for thee its messenger.

It was surprising how immediately Annie Ruthven's heart went out to Edith; how the great and earnest longings of her mind were by degrees unfolded; the sense of need which nothing earthly had ever yet filled; the weakness and the errors were all laid out before her, and her soul's chord of sympathy being touched by Edith's love, vibrated at once. It was not rapid work, the diversion of this long-cherished and morbid sentiment into a proper channel, the setting in order of a mind so long undisciplined and unpractical; but the closer that Annie's intercourse became with Edith, the more was the latter convinced that a judicious counsellor in early life, a faithful female friend above all, would have rectified a tendency which had so long marred her usefulness and ruined her peace. It was active effort for others that she needed—coming out of herself: this was one thing certain; but another yet more so was, that she wanted to look at things not as they were in imagination, but in truth—to dethrone the idol she had long worshipped in her heart, and to worship God alone.

Many weeks passed away at Cromer; and when Edith gave her the parting kiss—for the professor had returned, and Edith's time was expired—there was a promise and hope on Annie's brow, a reality in her expression, and a cheerfulness in her tone, which made Edith's heart glow with thankful joy.

In a letter from Cambridge some months later, this hope was confirmed; and although the professor still lived much with his books, and Annie too much even now in dream-land, the improvement was manifest, and the state of mind healthier. She saw, before it was too late, that God had assigned her work in the great human family, and she was daily gathering strength to do it. She was beginning, timidly indeed, a little quiet visiting among the poor, and it was astonishing how the sight of real distress and poverty won her from her own imaginary woes, and how it led her from the sentimental to the practical. She yet loves old walls and ancient churches, but it is with a healthier love and not with an absorbing passion; and but for the vacant place her child has left, she should, she says, be almost happy. A smile or two won from the grave professor, a willingness to sit awhile with her in the evening, instead of returning to his study the moment his tea was swallowed, has made her think that perhaps the fault has not all been his, that they have not had more interchange of thought and feeling; and often in her heart she thanks God that he ever sent Edith Grant to awaken her, not only from the reverie on the beach at Cromer, but from the long dream of a wasted life.

It is Christmas day. The snow is on the ground, covering the earth during its winter sleep with a delicate sheet. It is on the house-tops and the trees, over the abodes of the living and the resting-places of the dead, and little Claude's grave has its white mantle also. But gladness has again been restored to the stricken household at the Elms; for, like a message of consolation from the hand of the merciful One, another infant Claude had some months before been sent to fill the vacancy in the parental heart. A happy family party is assembled round the Christmas board; and thus,

with their cup of blessing running over, and sharing a joy which has for its basis the love and favour of an almighty Friend, we close the narrative of the wooing, the wedding, and the married life of Allan and Edith Grant.

The story is at an end; and yet the pen lingers over the page, as reluctant to leave it. Some of our readers might have wished us to have treated our subject in a lighter and more sportive vein; but marriage, we cannot forget, if a joyous, is yet a solemn theme, invested with sacred responsibilities, and rushed into by thousands, wholly unprepared for it. To render a married home happy, to adorn the station of wife, it is necessary first to serve an apprenticeship to the duties of single life, every one of which, properly performed, is fitting you for that into which it may please God to call you. Few of us are required to do great things in the present day; but the daily, hourly exercise of home virtues, the practice of the useful and the real, and above all, the giving up the affections and the will to the great Guide of youth, will fit you for married or for single life, for joy or for sorrow, and the bachelor in search of a wife will, when he has found you, acknowledge that although "favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

#### MONEY AND MONEY-CHANGERS IN EGYPT.

CHINK, chink, chink! clink, clink, clink! The familiar and agreeable sound of coins rattling together, breaks upon the ear of the unaccustomed stranger with the first dawn of day in Alexandria; and in that hour of unconscious or half-conscious sleepy wakefulness, forthwith you dream dreams, in which the old lady in Threadneedle-street, divers banks in Lombard-street, and the gold diggings of Bendigo, are strangely but pleasantly conglomerated. Now we are pocketing the amount of the last cheque we drew on the bank; and then we are working with good-will and might, digging and scraping up the auriferous soil of Australia, in search of more earthly treasure. A troublesome reality, in shape of a mosquito, suddenly lights upon our nose, and in driving away the intruder we wake to a full sensibility of the blow inflicted, and of the fact of the chink, chink, chink! clink, clink, clink! of money, apparently being chucked out of windows like so much dross. Sitting up in bed, we listen attentively till perfectly persuaded that the sound is no hallucination. There is no mistaking the clear distinct ring of silver, in the comparative stillness that reigns around at this early hour of the day; so, being rather in want of any superfluous funds that may be had for the mere picking up, or, for the matter of that, by sheer hard labour, we jump out of bed, and rush to the nearest window.

Our bed-room window commands an extensive view of the street beneath us, of the terraced roofs before us, and of the clear blue sky above us. Palpable spots against the latter are a few indolent vultures, poising their wings in the light morning breeze, and keeping a sharp look-out below for any chance carrion or offal. On the terrace tops themselves there is not much worthy of attrac-

tion. A few cord lines, stretched upon poles, with a few rags fluttering quietly in the breeze; here and there, couples of cooing turtle doves; whilst down below, barely a single door has as yet been opened, and only a solitary vender of early bread and hard boiled eggs, offers himself as a candidate for the patronage and custom of an early-rising, hard-working peasantry. But the sound that first attracted our attention has for the moment ceased, and there is no clue whatever as to its whereabouts.

Just as we are about to retire from the window, however, disappointed and more than half inclined to attribute the whole to a dream, the sound is suddenly repeated—this time louder and more distinct than ever; and lo! emerging from a neighbour's door, where he has just transacted the first business of the day, we see a meagre-looking personage, with sordid aspect, carrying in one hand a goodly-sized canvass money bag, whilst in the open palm of the other are some ten or a dozen silver French dollars, or five-franc pieces, a coin perhaps the most current of any other in Egypt.

This itinerant seraff, or money-changer, is as yet only a beginner in his profession: he has no office nor treasury, nor even stall in the street; and as to his private whereabouts, when at home, no person in Egypt is supposed to be cognizant of the site, for the revelation of such a fact might involve house breakage and robbery; so that our incipient seraff wisely keeps his own counsel, and refuses to give his address even to a few most intimate friends. The streets at certain hours are his usual direction, and he keeps his rendezvous, relative to business matters or any private transactions, at some of the least frequented suburbs of the town, and not unseldom in the churchyard itself; the gloomy solitude of which latter retreat is quite in keeping with his love of secrecy and quiet, as he makes calculations or transacts business matters relative to the intrinsic worth of, it may be, a five-para piece (about a farthing sterling.)

But, however insignificant the sum, so long as it ranks as money, the seraff deems it worthy of time and attention, acting upon the wise rule of taking "care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

All the seraffs in Alexandria, we may observe, are, with very few exceptions, Hebrews or Armenians; the only method of distinguishing whom is by missing them from their regular posts and positions on Saturdays and Sundays.

When at school, we, in common, we believe, with every other schoolboy of successive generations, recorded in round-hand text copy, that "money is the root of all evil." If it is not quite the root of evil, it is certainly the root of boundless confusion and annoyance in Egypt, where moneys and coins of almost every known country on the globe are freely circulated, and where all are equally liable to fluctuating values, arising from political or mercantile depression. In proof of this assertion, we find, upon examining the store of money upon our person, that, at this moment of writing, we have in our purse one sovereign, two French five-franc pieces, two Russian dollars, one medjide (Turkish), a Greek coin, a German thaler, and some other bits with unin-

telligible hieroglyphics; all which, however, help in keeping the pot boiling during these dear times, and all which are treasure trove to our friend the itinerant money-changer, who, himself an adept in the occult science of money valuation in Egypt, can classify and decipher coins at half a glance, and name their current valuation to a fraction.

Chink, chink, chink! We now discover the immediate cause of the noise that disturbed our repose, the same proceeding from the loose dollars in the seraff's open palm being chucked up into the air and cleverly caught again in his hand, as, without hailing, pause, or salutation, he walks to and fro, well persuaded that the sound is too familiar to all ears to require any elaborate intonations or descriptions, such as vendors or hawkers of meaner commodities are compelled to resort to.

Clink, clink, clink! How he is elbowing his way through the momentarily increasing multitude that throngs the streets, carrying lightly in his other hand the heavy bag, with many years' hard-earned store, now converted into small change to suit the peculiar liabilities of his calling. Twenty years' toil and labour in the sweat of his brow are all now comprised in a dusky old bag, flung to and fro temptingly within reach of any evil disposed persons, whilst the music of the dollars in the open hand can hardly fail to rivet the attention of all passers-by. What a volume does this one simple fact convey to the minds of thoughtful strangers, relative to the existing state of civilization and honesty in Egypt! The question uncalled for obtrudes itself: For how long would such a man make such an exposure of his wealth, say in Cheapside or any other London thoroughfare, without bitterly rueing the attempt, and going home penniless, and perhaps with some severe bodily injury? But Alexandria and London are two very different places; local circumstances, and the marked identity of individuals in a city where everybody meets everybody a dozen times a day, render open robbery with violence certain of immediate detection and punishment, as all in the street would officiate as policemen. Thus, although we vastly fear that there are many who possess the will, there are but few indeed who would dare to molest our itinerant money-changer in his daily peregrinations. He knows this fact, and valiantly clinks his coins under the very noses of the most suspicious characters, even, as is not seldom the case, tendering them change for any loose coins, though he is scrupulous indeed in his examination of the coins they offer.

We call him to give us change for a French dollar piece. Without small change a man might starve in Egypt; for if you had a house full of sovereigns, not a butcher or a baker, much less any of the minor market tradesmen, could undertake to give you change, so that you must either pay one pound for the value of sixpence, or stay at home and starve, or else get change from some one of these plentiful Alexandrian money-changers. We adopt this latter evil, though at the loss of considerable discount, preferring it to the two preceding and graver evils, neither of which at any period can be reckoned as agreeable.

And now we are initiated into the mysteries

of fluctuating values in the Egyptian money market. We can change one pound sterling for 101 Egyptian piastres—for 115 piastres of the grand seignor (the former an imaginary coin)—or else we can get five French dollars of five francs each in lieu of one pound tendered. Now these French dollars in a market valuation are each worth 22½ to 23 piastres; whereas by changing them for small coin we only obtain 21½, and yet, without small coin, as has been already observed, no one can live in Egypt. The best change, therefore, obtainable for the pound, is undoubtedly these five-franc pieces. If you go to market and buy anything above five piastres intrinsic value, you are entitled to obtain change at the rate of 23 piastres per French dollar, so that you by this means receive full and sterling value for the coin tendered; otherwise you are sure to lose from 1½ to 2 piastres per dollar, and this on a pound sterling amounts to nearly eighteen-pence—an exorbitant extortion. It is the same in shops of all descriptions; unless you purchase goods to the amount of seven or eight piastres, they will refuse to change you a dollar, except indeed at the minor rate of twenty piastres to the dollar. Indeed, it not unfrequently happens that the more negligent and good-natured tradesmen, in selling goods to a trifling amount, say from two to four piastres, prefer the risk of trusting perfect strangers to call again and settle their accounts, rather than be encumbered with or subjected to the inconveniences of changing dollars for every customer.

From this extraordinary state of affairs it very naturally arises that these money-changers, of different grades and stations, drive a thriving trade. Demands for petty cash payments are continually arising in Egypt: such as paying a guide, or a donkey-boy, or buying a few oranges or fruit, or any other trifling curiosity that arrests and invites the attention. These things require small change, and your only alternative is to inquire for the nearest seraff, and there, for a temporary convenience, sacrifice a large per-centage. There exists, however, no remedy for this evil. Merchants hurrying to and fro, or their clerks paying expenses from masters' pockets, never hesitate or think of the considerable inconvenience and expense incurred by poorer fathers of large families in Egypt, where the amount lost in changing one pound would very well keep them in the one staple article—bread—for close upon a week. However, what is an evil to the greater mass is the peculiar source of livelihood to our money-changers—Chink, chink, chink! Still, after all, this poor fellow's gains can never be bewildering, and we must confess that he walks far enough, and toils hard enough of a day, to scrape together a sufficiency to—we were going to say, to pay for his shoes; but on looking down to his feet again, we discover that he dispenses with such luxuries, and perambulates the town barefooted. His wardrobe also is, doubtless, not very extensive; and besides what he carries about with him now on his back, I doubt not that all the remainder might be packed up in a plantain leaf. His calling is a perfect lottery; for there may be entire days of wandering to and fro in the streets without any tangible beneficial results, whereas at other times he may encounter, even before breakfast time, some score of people



THE ALEXANDRIAN MONEY-CHANGER.

who want change for a dollar, and then our itinerant money-changer is set up with funds to meet the immediate cravings of his appetite for nearly a week to come.

The height of his present ambition is a stall in the corner of some frequented street or marketplace, where, like his more fortunate brethren in the trade, he may sit cross-legged from night to morning, and be sought after by customers, instead of having to hunt them up as he now does from street to street. However, if he live long enough, he is pretty sure of his aim; for, on an average good day's with bad day's work, he realizes about ten piastres per diem; and, as the sum total of all his expenses barely amounts to more than one-tenth portion of that amount, he is hoarding up riches rapidly; and, not being over-scrupulous as to the amount of change he gives, when his keen eyes distinguish an uninitiated stranger, he not unfrequently stumbles across a party of frolicking sailors, who, being in want of change, are happy to get anything in the shape of it, often losing more than one half the value of the money tendered. The money-changers of Alexandria who are not itinerant have regular rented boxes, or stalls, for which they pay so much a year, whilst some of the more opulent have contracted a bosom friendship with sundry shopkeepers in the bazaar, at whose shops they take up their position at intervals

during the day. After mid-day, and until about 4 P.M., the clinking of money entirely ceases from the streets. Some are gone home to the bosom of their families, and to enjoy the *otium cum dig.* earned by many years' persevering labours; others resort to the nearest cook-shop to satisfy, at a trifling expense, the cravings of nature. But the itinerant money-changer has taken himself off to the most secluded and ruinous part of the town, where he earnestly applies himself to reckoning up the gains of the forenoon; if these be equivalent to his expectations, then possibly he may treat himself to a stick of kabob, or a plate of pillau; if otherwise, stale bread and onions answer every purpose; and after this frugal meal he dozes securely under the pleasant cool shade of some wall, till the greater heat of the day is gone by, and the *chink, chink, chink*, of some more watchful money-changer warns him to his work again.

#### LIFE IN THE TEMPLE.

##### PART IV.

THE first step in the life of the barrister having been got over, business begins to come in. Let us look at his expenses.

"He must attend his quarter sessions and his circuit. He must eat, and drink, and clothe.

Occupying the place of a gentleman, he must preserve the appearance of one. At the first, he will, of course, be content with a second or third story in the Temple. Let, therefore, his chambers be set down at £30 per annum; his laundress at £12; his clerk at £15; and his books, if he limit them to a copy of the 'regular reports,' at £10. Add to these primary expenses, £10 for robing-room, rates, fees, and sundries, and there is a total of £77, which may be termed the cost of chambers.

"His other expenses are yet more serious. There are four sessions in each year in every county—in most of them five, in some eight. But, as we are here considering the *least* expenditure of an advocate at the commencement of his career, we will suppose that his sessions demand *five* attendances. The lowest cost at which each can be estimated is £8—the total, £40.

"His circuit expenses are to some extent optional. He may attend at all the assizes; he *must* attend some. But inasmuch as it is the practice for men with straitened means to select, in the beginning of their career, those only of the counties in their circuits in which they have connections, it will be sufficient to place *three* to the account, and estimating the cost of these at the very lowest to which the most calculating economy can reduce them, each may be counted at £8; and there being two circuits in the year, the total cost will consequently be £48. To this, however, it is necessary to add the circuit fees, which are about £7 per annum.

"Thus we have, as the inevitable *professional* costs of an advocate, for chambers, circuits, and sessions, an expenditure of £172 per annum."

These, then, are fair average expenses; the other side of the ledger will give the income of a "successful junior." Here they are:—

"A JUNIOR'S FEE BOOK.—We have been permitted access to the fee book of one who would be deemed singularly fortunate, and whose case remarkably illustrates the above assertions, because it had peculiar advantages, which could not be found in one instance in five hundred. It is that of one who became an advocate in his mature years, with the invaluable advantages of that experience of the world which age alone can give, and for which no genius nor learning can compensate, and that practical knowledge of the law which is obtained by those who have had their legal education in a clerkship to, and some years of practice in, the other branch of the profession, and who, therefore, necessarily must have enjoyed a degree of confidence, on account of age and experience, which those who want these requisites, although of equal standing at the bar, cannot expect and could not obtain. The fee book of our informant, even with these advantages, exhibits the following professional receipts:—

1st year £54.  
2nd year £92.  
3rd year £140.  
4th year £198.  
5th year £237.

"And these were the professional gains of a man whom everybody called *successful*—who was successful! At the end of *five* years he did not earn enough to pay his expenses. Probably, by

the end of the sixth year, he might have done so. But in the first five years of his singularly successful career as an advocate, his *total expenditure*, including *personal* expenses, must have been £1350; his *total receipts* were £721.

"If so it be with one eminently successful, what must it be with others? If he could not make an income equal to his unavoidable expenditure, until five long years had passed, how many years must be counted upon by those who have to combat the disadvantages of youth and inexperience?"

These extracts are from the work of one himself an ex-attorney, a barrister in fair practice, and the editor of a well-circulated legal journal. Young men who think of the bar as a profession, and the parents of such, would do well to ponder over them and count the cost before they embark in it. This is the career of a "successful man." What must that be of one who is not so? Besides, one who is not in all respects qualified, cannot succeed. He may obtain practice for a time, but he cannot retain it; his deficiency must eventually be found out. The author we have previously quoted says:—

"Let no man who values his happiness, or his ultimate success in life, make the bar his profession, unless he has resources, other than his profession, upon which he can *rely* for a clear income of £150 per annum, at the least. This will still leave £100 to be provided for by that profession. But that is a risk he may not unreasonably run, if conscious that, in *all* other respects, he is qualified for ultimate success. With *less* than that it would be *unwise* to incur the hazard. With *no* resources, as is sometimes seen, it is *madness*."

But our barrister has braved the battle; he has entered the lists prepared, and the maiden brief was not the last one. Now, perhaps of all others, will be his time of trial. Will he keep his hands clean? Will he remember his final account to

"The mighty God, whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run?"

The barrister will soon become a public man. Both the public and his professional brethren will keenly scrutinize his conduct. If he is a ready man, he will soon have plenty of attorneys at his door. But if he means to rise to the bench, and preserve an unsullied reputation, he will not be the unscrupulous advocate of any cause which comes to him, and lose all sense of the distinction between right and wrong. If he has erected a standard of honour from which he does not mean to depart, the "sharp practitioner" will soon find that he will not suit his purpose. On the other hand, as he is an able man, a superior class of business will be his at last. An eminent writer has said: "There are many whom it may be needful to remind that an advocate, by the sacred duty of his connection with his client, knows in the discharge of that office but one person in the world—that client and none other. To serve that client by all expedient means, to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, from the party already injured, and amongst others to himself, is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the destruction which he may bring upon any

other. Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate should be to involve his country in confusion for his client."

The author of this sentiment is not alone; there are many who implicitly subscribe to his dictum. But, "are virtue, truth, and honour, all exiled?" Shall a British counsellor stand up before heaven and men, and declare that to be true which he knows to be false? Is the homicide or the desperado to be sheltered? Is the swindler and habitual wrong-doer to escape? And is the ruffian to do so because he has hired an advocate, and man has said that that advocate must outrage truth, to save his client? Is it not said, on the other side, "Woe unto them who call evil good, and good evil." The authority, too, from which we have last quoted is infallible. Still the barrister may demand proof in everything that is alleged against his client; he may extenuate, urge mercy, show the motive, and protect from oppression.

Lawyers have been needed from the time when the first legal conveyance on record recited, that "the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession in the presence of the children of Heth, before all that went in at the gate of his city." So long, indeed, as the present social system shall endure, there will be need of men to explain and enforce law, and to define the conflicting rights of individuals under it. Integrity, too, shall here, as in every other profession, eventually reap its reward.

Our student, then, has pursued this path. In time, he is called within the bar; he is become a sworn servant of the crown, counsel of the sovereign, and bencher of his Inn. He will now be styled "brother" by the judges of the land; nay, he may become one of them himself, as occurred not long since, when a young barrister, aged forty-one, without any connexions, and only known as a sound lawyer and honourable man, was at once called to the bench. He will have precedence before all his late fellows, and though he stand before royalty itself, he shall not take off his coif; while in literature, his name may be inscribed on the same roll with his brethren from the times of Clarendon, Mackintosh, Scarlet, Mansfield, and Erskine, to that of Jeffrey, Talfourd, and Hallam.

On the advantages of literature to the legal profession, Sir S. Romilly thus expressed his feelings, in answer to the query—how he found time to devote to so much general reading? "As soon as I found," he says, "I was to be a busy lawyer for life, I strenuously resolved to keep up my habit of non-professional reading, for I had witnessed so much misery, in the last years of many great lawyers whom I had known, from their loss of all taste for books, that I regarded their fate as my warning." There is no kind of knowledge which, in the course of a general practice, a lawyer will find out of place. Chemistry, surgery, mechanics, and all the various branches of the arts and sciences, should be tolerably familiar to him.

We have seen, then, the career of the virtuous lawyer, till his promotion to be an adviser of

majesty. Seeing that he has ability and character to recommend him, his progress will not stop here. He may be, (as has often been the case with others,) returned to represent his native town in parliament. He may be lord chief justice of England. Nay, he may be lord chancellor, and have precedence of and preside over the temporal peers; may have the guardianship of the infant heirs of all the kingdom; bestow many of the church-livings, and moderate the severity of the common law, none altering his decrees but the House of Peers. Is this impossible when a saddler's son sways the judgments in the Exchequer?—when a descendant of a presbyterian minister holds the balances as chief justice of England?—when in our own times we have seen the press-reporter, the ex-attorney, and coal master's boy sit on, ay, and grace, the woolsack? "To Esop, though a slave, the Athenian raised a giant statue on a steadfast base, to show that honour's path is spread for all." These men won their positions honourably, and these men are the sons of the commoners of England. They had talents, and, what gave the greatest weight to these talents, honourable conduct. The people will not have a tainted judge. There have been men of talent, of the very highest talent, in all ages, who have grown grey in the legal service, but who have not risen, because they had pursued crooked ways; who have committed moral and intellectual prostitution; who have been always ready for any cause, and to say anything in it. Even in this life, their merits had their reward. Lawyer and special pleader have sometimes been synonymous with all that is sinister; but they need not necessarily be so.

There is one name that stands conspicuous on the roll of worthies. His was no mean intellect—his was no useless life. He completely mastered twenty-eight languages, and was considered a sound lawyer. Let us hear what this accomplished gentleman—Sir W. Jones—thought of a textbook, which might be more frequently and profitably used by lawyers. He said:—"I have regularly and carefully perused the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written." How profitably such a one would enter on his "ripe state." What a contrast to chancellor Bacon, who, as Macaulay says, sullied his integrity, resigned his independence, violated all friendship and gratitude, fawned on the worthless, persecuted the innocent, tampered with the bench and tortured the prisoner, seeking the "bawble reputation." What a contrast also to that monster, judge Jeffreys.

"Sure the last end

Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!  
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground;  
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.  
Behold him in the evening tide of life—  
A life well spent, whose early care it was  
His ripper years should not upbraid his green:  
High in his faith and hope, look how he reaches  
After the prize in view."

To the intending student, these sketches of men and manners, past and present, of the studies,

duties, and expenses of the templar, may not be unacceptable. To the parent, anxious in ascertaining all that may affect the future welfare of a child; and to a "discerning public," in taking leave of "Life in the Temple," and in tracing the "rotten, green, and ripe" state of the British counsellor, we have to observe, that we have given a fair outline of the proceedings connected with the taking of the degree of "barrister at law." We have "nought extenuated, or set down aught in malice." A commission is at present sitting, to inquire into the immense revenues, the studies, and general management of the inns of court; and on its report some changes may no doubt be expected in these venerable institutions, which have fostered the laws of a free and independent people, and done so much for the liberty of the British people from the days when the popes claimed Peter's pence and vassalage from our kings, signing of Magna Charta, till the passing of the Bill of Rights, the Act of Succession and the Reform Bill.

"Here wealth and commerce lift their golden heads,  
And o'er our labours, liberty and law  
Impartial watch—the wonder of a world."

## THE PIERROTTES.—A STORY OF FRENCH LIFE.

### CHAPTER VI.

THE cottage at Auteuil has undergone a complete transformation since we saw it last. Henri has set up his easel, and the easels of a dozen and more of young students are set up around it in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore; and his old studio is metamorphosed into a handsome drawing-room for the reception of visitors on high-days and holidays. The upholsterers and the decorators have made a revolution in the house from top to bottom; all is new and brilliant within, and the walls are painted milk-white without; the gardeners have been at the waste shrubbery in the back, and laid it out in the neatest of flower gardens; and the landlord, on the strength of a new lease, has put up a handsome approach from the front. Henri is in Paris all day with his patrons and pupils, and worthily sustaining the reputation so unexpectedly won. He is especially busy in these last days of April, in preparing pictures for the exhibition, which will open on May day; and he dares not think too much of the event which is to follow the opening, and to crown the happiness of his life, lest some mischance should interfere, and snatch the cup of blessing from his lips. As for Nannette, she has led, for the last month or two, a fluttering, dreamy kind of life, full of occupations, every one a pleasure, and full of apprehensions which, from all appearance, must have been pleasures too. The old mother wears a satisfied smile upon her face, because she can partake the general joy, now that she knows by a letter from her son that he is out of all danger from his wound, and that, with the first batch of convalescents, he looks to return home.

It is evening, after a cool, refreshing shower, and the sun has gone down behind a black bar of cloud fringed with lurid fire, as Henri, escaped from the labours of the day, wanders thoughtfully along the margin of the Seine towards his house.

With some men, the possession of what they have long desired and striven for, fills them with vivacity, excitement, and irrepressible exultation; with others the same cause produces a contrary effect: success, once beyond their hopes, when attained, awes and impresses them as much as it gratifies and delights, and they stand humbled in the presence of the gifts of Providence, with the feeling of devotees before a sacred shrine. Their emotions are none the less, but the stronger, for the reserve which masters them; and because they are stronger than they can express, they appear, to an indifferent observer, not to express them at all. With them, however the heart may luxuriate on its secret joys, the voice, the eye, the countenance they show to the world, tell no tale of the glad triumph within the breast. This deep calm, in moments of great joy, has been noticed as peculiar to men of genius and fine temperament; upon Henri, who was unaware of any peculiarity in it, it operated without his knowledge, and led him to muse and ponder, instead of to exclaim and exult, now that his joy was about to be complete.

His white cottage glimmered through the trees as he approached it in the twilight. Moved by some whim of fancy, instead of entering at the front, he walked round the house and looked in at the window of the new drawing-room, which had been his old studio, thinking to surprise Nannette at the tea-table, and her mother in the easy chair by the stove. What was his astonishment at beholding Nannette with her arms round the neck of a tall fellow in regimentals, and her fair face half buried in his beard! The truth flashed upon him at once. "It must be Jacques," he exclaimed. In a moment he had thrown open the window and leaped into the room. It was Jacques, sure enough, and a comrade with him: they had arrived but the moment before, and the returned soldier had but flown from the arms of his mother to those of his sister, when Henri burst upon them.

We need not attempt to describe the satisfaction of the good dame at the return of her son. When the first greetings and surprises were over, and the party had gathered round the fire for the evening, there were a thousand questions to be asked and answered, which Jacques was spared the trouble of answering by the volubility of his friend, who was none other than Jean the brewer's son, of his native village, and the identical comrade whom Jacques had rescued from a watery grave previous to sailing for Africa. From this young fellow's narrative, it appeared that in a skirmish which had taken place with a wandering troop of Arabs, he had been shot through the right arm, which had since been amputated, and his friend Jacques had received a spear thrust in the shoulder. Together with the rest of the wounded, they had been laid in the baggage wagons, and left under charge of a small guard, while the bulk of their detachment went in pursuit of the flying enemy. They remained halting in a sort of ravine for several hours, awaiting the return of the victorious regiments. Here they had the misfortune to be surprised by a party of the enemy's horse, who thought to make a prize of the baggage by putting the escort and the wounded to death. Jean went on to say that, but for the spirit and conduct of Jacques, who, spite of his wound, mounted

his horse, and encouraged the escort to make a stand against the enemy, they had all been slain. As it was, nearly a third of their number fell, and the rest only escaped, from the fact that the report of the combat alarmed their friends in the distance, and brought them to the rescue.

"So you see," said honest Jean, "I owe my life twice over to Jacques, and if anybody will tell me how to pay the debt, I'll pay it."

Jacques had interesting news to communicate in his turn. His lieutenant, who had so kindly written to his mother, was an old friend of Mr. Vivian's, and had written also to him. In consequence of Mr. Vivian's reply, whatever it was, the lieutenant had shown him many kindnesses, and at his desire had procured him his discharge on the occasion of his wound, and taken such good care of him while under the surgeon's hands that he had entirely recovered from its effects. Jacques had since been himself in correspondence with Mr. Vivian, and was under an engagement to him, after he had visited his relations in Paris, to return to La Griè and to take charge of that and the whole of the château lands, in place of the old bailiff, who had lately deceased. "I should have thought myself an impudent fellow," said Jacques, "if I had dared to ask for such a post; but if I don't give a good account of it by the end of the first year, I shall deserve to be drummed out. Talking of drumming out—who do you think I saw, mother, chained in the galleys at Marseilles?"

"Nobody, I hope, that we know," said Nannette.

"Whom are you talking of?" said Henri.

"Who should it be, but that careless fellow Daugan? It seems intoxication was the parent of more crimes than one with him, for he has committed robbery on the highway. I talked with him, and he professed to be penitent, and begged me to speak a word in his behalf to my captain, who could have him transferred to the army."

"And did you?"

"To be sure I did. His case will be looked into, and if he has behaved well under sentence, it is likely his wish will be granted."

Our story, which has taught our readers, we trust, the blessedness of denying our own comfort for that of others, properly ends here; but, for the satisfaction of that worthy old-fashioned class of readers who like to have everything set down in black and white, we will add a few particulars which might be left to the imagination to fill up.

M. Ferrier was disappointed in the pleasure he had promised himself of giving away the bride, for Henri received the hand of Nannette from Jacques himself, who would not surrender his privilege. But the old gentleman bore his disappointment with extreme philosophy, and compensated himself for it by the present of a neat present to the young wife after the ceremony.

The new married couple set out on a wedding tour which lasted for six weeks, towards the close

of which they found themselves once more at La Griè, the guests of Jacques, who, with his mother as housekeeper, had taken possession of the old place, where the good dame resolved to spend the remainder of her days. Mr. Vivian received the artist and his wife with the welcome of old English hospitality, and accompanied them on their return to Paris, where, so far as we know, they are living prosperously at the present moment; and deservedly so, for UNSELFISHNESS was the motto of the Pierrott family. Be it the reader's also.

#### A THOUGHT FOR THE END OF THE YEAR.

My dear friends, it is a blessed thing to know the Saviour, to feel that your soul is safe. You have been in a ship when it entered the harbour, and you have noticed the different looks of the passengers as they turned their eyes ashore. There was one who, that he might not lose a moment's time, had got everything ready for landing long ago; and now he smiles and beckons to you party on the pier, who, in their turn, are so eager to meet him that they almost press over the margin of the quay; and no sooner is the gangway thrown across than he has hold of the arm of one, and another is triumphant on his shoulder, and all the rest are leaping before and after him on their homeward way. But there was another, who showed no alacrity. He gazed with pensive eye on the nearer coast, and seemed to grudge that the trip was over. He was a stranger, going amongst strangers; and though sometimes during the voyage he had a silent hope that something unexpected might occur, and that some friendly face might recognise him in regions where he was going an alien and an adventurer, no such welcoming face is there, and with reluctant steps he quits the vessel, and commits himself to the unknown country. And now that every one else has disembarked, who is this unhappy man whom they have brought on deck, and groaning in his heavy chains, whom they are conducting to the dreaded shore? Alas! he is a felon and a runaway, whom they are bringing back to take his trial there; and no wonder he is loth to land.

Now, dear brethren, our ship is sailing fast. We shall soon hear the rasping on the shallows, and the commotion overhead, which bespeak the port in view. When it comes to that, how shall you feel? Are you a stranger, or a convict, or are you going home? Can you say, "I know whom I have believed?" Have you a friend within the veil? And however much you may enjoy the voyage, and however much you may like your fellow-passengers, does your heart sometimes leap up at the prospect of seeing Jesus as he is, and so being ever with the Lord?—*Dr. J. Hamilton.*

Oh, if men would be as earnest for heaven while their day of grace lasts, as they will be when it is over—would be as solicitous to provide themselves with oil while the bridegroom tarries, as they will be when the bridegroom cometh—how well were it for them!

I have often said, and I must take all occasion to repeat it, that a holy, heavenly life, spent in the service of God, and in communion with him, is, without doubt, the most pleasant, comfortable life that any one can live in this world.

There are degrees of glory in heaven; every vessel will be alike full, but not alike large. And the degrees of glory there will be according to the degrees of usefulness here.

Our business is to get ready to die by doing the work of life, and then refer ourselves to God to take away our life when and how he pleases.

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